

I Have No Stomach

Said a jolly man of 40, of almost adamic rotundity, "since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, I feel as if I had a new stomach. What he meant was that this grand digestive tonic had so completely cured all distress and disagreeable dyspeptic symptoms that he lived, ate and slept in peace. You may be put into this delightful condition if you will take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
America's Greatest Medicine.

A Case of Memory.
The serenader stopped before the window. He unslung his guitar and touched its strings softly and lovingly. Then he looked about the dark shadows of the garden and along the line of fence that marked the street end of the handsome premises.

Nothing was in sight.
Looking again at the window, the youth ran his fingers swiftly across the strings, and then, lifting up his head, he opened his mouth until the moonlight glittered on his teeth, he began in a shrill tenor:
"Oh, don't you remember—"
But he got no further.
The window above suddenly opened and a large, heavily-framed man, the youth thought, came down the steps, and then, looking at the serenader, he said:
"Oh, we remember all right," shouted a hoarse voice from above.
And the startled serenader gathered himself together and sadly and painfully went his way.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In Health Worth Ten Cents
Man suffers many mysterious ailments from unknown causes, and nine-tenths of them have their origin in the digestive canal. It does any person good to clean out this canal occasionally in a rational way, provided it is not done in a violent manner. The proper cleansing and disinfecting preparation is Cascarets Candy Cathartic, which are very gentle, but at the same time thoroughly effective. A box will purify the whole system and in most cases remove the cause of ill health. When "feeling bad" take Cascarets. They will do you good, and can do you no harm.

Beauty Was Profitable.
Pretty Cashier—You must give me a holiday to recruit my health. My beauty is beginning to fade.
Manager—Why do you think so?
The men are beginning to count their change.—Pearson's Weekly.

TRUTHINA (Telling Powder) is prepared especially for children, and its success in curing Cholera Infantum, all the eruptions of teething and usual Summer troubles of children of any age makes it justly popular as a household remedy. TRUTHINA Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels and makes teething easy.

A Good Example.
She—Did you ever see any rapid firing?
He—Yes; I was in Washington when the Spanish minister and attaches were sent home.—Chicago Tribune.

Language of the Day.
He—I shall never love again.
She—Ah! An immune.—Indianapolis Journal.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs. Rev. D. Buchmueller, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.
Three-fourths of the people are gullible, if the right man comes along.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

Most of our misfortunes are more portable than the comments of our friends upon them.—Colton.

Civility costs nothing and buys everything.—Lady Mary Montague.

Beware of him who hates the laughing of a child.—Lavater.

SINGULAR STATEMENT.

From Mrs. Rank to Mrs. Pinkham.

The following letter to Mrs. Pinkham from Mrs. M. A. Rank, No. 2,354 East Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., is a remarkable statement of relief from utter discouragement. She says:

"I never can find words with which to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me.

"Some years ago I had womb trouble and doctored for a long time, not seeing any improvement. At times I would feel well enough, and other times was miserable. So it went on until last October, I felt something terrible creeping over me. I knew not what, but kept getting worse. I can hardly explain my feelings at that time. I was so depressed in spirits that I did not wish to live, although I had everything to live for. Had hysteria, was very nervous; could not sleep and was not safe to be left alone.

"Indeed, I thought I would lose my mind. No one knows what I endured. I continued this way until the last of February, when I saw in a paper a testimonial of a lady whose case was similar to mine, and who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I determined to try it, and felt better after the first dose. I continued taking it, and to-day am a well woman, and can say from my heart, 'Thank God for such a medicine.'"

Mrs. Pinkham invites all suffering women to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. All such letters are seen and answered by women only.

GRAIVES



TASTELESS CHILL TONIC

IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 CENTS.

GALATIA, ILL., NOV. 18, 1893.

Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

GRAIVES TASTELESS CHILL TONIC can be bought from any druggist. It will cure all fevers, colds, and all other ailments.

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THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN.

Vashti the Veiled, Vashti the Sacrificed, Vashti the Silent.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage Comments Modestly in Woman and Drives at Her Loss.

From the Story of Drunken Ahasuerus and His Lovely Queen.

Dr. Talmage's text for last Sunday's sermon was Esther 1: 11, 12: "Bring Vashti, the queen, before the king with the crown royal to show the people and the princes her beauty; for she was fair to look upon; but the queen, Vashti, refused to come."
We stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empire flowing from the grooves, the ceilings adorned with images of birds and beasts and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields and emblazoned with it seems the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leaf of architectural achievement. Golden stars shining on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the whiteness of the sea foam. The tapestries hang on silver rings, wedding garters, the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, in which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. There for carousal where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, uncut red and black and inlaid with gleaming pearls. In connection with this palace there is a garden where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling with crystalline baptism on the flowers, on the shrubs, on the rolling down through channels of marble and widening out here and there into pools swirling with funny tribes of foreign animals, bordered with scarlet anemones, hypericums and many colored ranunculi.

Meats of rarest bird and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The baskets piled up with apricots and figs and oranges and pomegranates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Euphrates filling the urns and dropping outside the rim in flashing beads amid the trecceries. Wine from the royal vats of Israhim and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and lily shaped cups of silver and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher and the revelry breaks out into wilder transports, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools and the song of the drunkards.

In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the princess of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants, "You go and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women and bring her to this banquet with the men and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command, but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here is a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to disobey this order of the king, and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rise up into one sublime refusal. She says: "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Ahasuerus is infuriated, and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applauses of after generations, who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone, the last garland has faded, the last arch has fallen, the last tankard has been destroyed, and Shushan is a ruin, but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women familiar with the little who will come into this picture gallery of God and admire the divine portrait of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent.

In the first place I want you to look upon Vashti the queen. A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels, and yet it is not necessary to have place and regality in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with stout faith in God putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and Godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and glorious queen, I say, "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of Heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation, and whether she comes up from the shanty on the commons or from the mansion of the fashionable square I get her with the shout, "All hail, Queen Vashti!"

What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elizabeth of England, or Margaret of France, or Catherine of Russia compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory, or that woman mentioned in the scriptures who put her all into the Lord's treasury; or of Jephthah's daughter, who made a demonstration of unselfish patriotism; or of Abigail, who rescued the herds and flocks of her husband; or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor, old, helpless Naomi; or of Florence Nightingale, who went at midnight to tend the battle wounds of the Crimea; or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burma; or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horn, and captive's chain, and bridal bower, and lute's throbbing, and curfew's knell; the dying day, and scores and hundreds of women unknown on earth, who have given water to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and smiles to the discouraged, their footsteps heard along dark lanes and in government hospital and in almshouse corridor and by prison gate? There may be no royal robes. There may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them for all honorable work will unite with the crackling lips of fever stricken hospital and plague blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen Vashti!"

Again, I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day with her face uncovered she would have shocked all the delicacies of oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out: "Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thy hands." And when the women are called to such outdoor work and to such heroic positions God prepares them for it, and they have iron in their souls, and lightnings in their eyes, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through the jungles of adversity and the hedges of wilderness and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphires, and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of womanly indignation.

But these are exceptions. Generally Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy, Rebecca would rather fill the trough of the camels, Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel, the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy, the woman of Sarepta would rather cook a meal for famished Elijah, Phoebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle, Mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures. When I see a woman going about her daily duty, with cheerful dignity at the table, with kind and gentle, but firm discipline presiding in the nursery, going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following the foot steps of Him who went about doing good, I say, "This is Vashti with a veil on."

But when I see a woman of unblushing boldness, loud voiced, with a tongue of infinite clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking beam, gaily arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery, I cry out: "Vashti has lost her veil." When I see a woman struggling for political preferment, preferring to force her way up to conspicuity amid the masculine demagogues, who stand with swollen fists and bloodshot eyes and pestiferous breath to guard the polls, wanting to go through the loafcrism and defilement of popular sorcery, who crawl up from the saloons greasy and foul and vermin covered to decide questions of justice and order and civilization—when I see a woman, I say, who wants to press through all that horrible snarl to get to public place and power, I say: "Ah, what a pity! Vashti has lost her veil!"

When I see a woman of comely features and of adroitness of intellect and endowed with all that the schools can do for her and of high social position, yet moving in society with superciliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place and with an undefined combination of giggle and snarl and phylomony, and endowed with allotropic quantities of talk, but only homeopathic infinitesimals of sense, the terror of dry goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meanings in plain conversation, prodigies of badinage and innuendo, I say, "Vashti has lost her veil."

Again, I want you this morning to consider Vashti the sacrificed. Who is this that I see coming out of the palace gate of Shushan, seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, friendless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrificed. Oh, what a change it was from regal position to a wayfarer's crust! A little while ago approved and sought for. Now none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Vashti the sacrificed.

And broad to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and smiles to the discouraged, their footsteps heard along dark lanes and in government hospital and in almshouse corridor and by prison gate? There may be no royal robes. There may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them for all honorable work will unite with the crackling lips of fever stricken hospital and plague blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen Vashti!"

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DIDN'T KNOW LIGHT GREEN.

A Bumptious Dominie Who Was a Trifle Off in Distinguishing Colors.

Out of every 50 young men who want to volunteer at the different recruiting stations in the downtown district it is estimated that at least 15 stipulate that commissions shall be the price of their sacrifice. Some of these would-be officers are eventually convinced that no such glory can be gained in the file as in the rank of the army, but the majority go away insisting that they were constituted for command and would not brook the orders of inferior beings.

Col. Koch was visited by a former school principal, who appeared to have the makings of a desirable recruit. He was tall and broad, and walked with a firm military step. The stranger proved to be a native of the United States and well posted on the constitution of the nation. In accordance with his custom, Col. Koch explained some of the manifold duties of the soldier. The applicant was told that he might be called on any time to tear up a fence, build a fire, clean a horse or carry water. These menial chores did not accord with the professor's preconceptions of the man of war.

"I am accustomed to command," said the principal. "Why not make me a captain?"
Capt. Koch did not stop to reason with the caller, but signalled to Capt. Jones, who understood the situation, and who presented himself as the medical examiner.

What's the color of that card in the end of the room?" the captain demanded.
"That's pale blue," replied the stranger.
"No, it isn't. It's a light green. I'm afraid your color blind. In spite of your many qualifications to command, we could not depend upon you to distinguish a Spanish mortar battery from a sequepidalian. We're sorry, but can't use you under any circumstances."—Chicago Chronicle.

RECONCILED TO EARTH.

An Easy-Going Individual Who Had No Desire to Visit the Planet Jupiter.

"What did you say those are?" inquired the astronomer of the clergyman who had paused to patronize the curb stone astronomer.
"Those are the moons of Jupiter," replied the astronomer.
"Let me see. Jupiter—that's one of the planets."
"Surely."
"Well, there's a great deal to complain of on this earth, but I might be worse. With all the drawbacks, I'm glad I live here instead of on Jupiter."
"Of course, you have no assurance that the conditions there would be adapted to your kind of life."
"It isn't that. I'm one of the sort of people who can bunk down anywhere and be comfortable with a piece of hard tack and a cup of coffee. There's only one thing that I don't like about Jupiter, and that's seeing the new moon over my left shoulder. It's bad enough on this earth having to be on the lookout for one moon every four weeks, I lived on a planet where there were four of them I never would know where I stood. It all goes to show that no matter how bad things are they might be worse."—Detroit Free Press.

A GUARDSMAN'S TROUBLE.

From the Detroit (Mich.) Journal.

The promptness with which the National Guard of the different states responded to President McKinley's call for troops at the beginning of the war with Spain made the whole country proud of its citizen soldiers. In Detroit there are few guardsmen more popular and efficient than Max R. Davies, first sergeant of Co. B. He has been a resident of Detroit for the past six years, and his home is at 416 Third Avenue. For four years he has been a member of the well known wholesale drug house of J. C. Williams & Co., in the capacity of bookkeeper.

"I have charged up many thousands of orders for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," said Mr. Davies, "but never knew their worth until I used them for the cure of chronic dyspepsia. For two years I suffered and doctored for that aggravating trouble, but could only get the trouble temporarily. I think dyspepsia is one of the most stubborn of ailments, and there is scarcely a clerk or office man but what is more or less a victim. Some I could eat anything, while at other times I would be starving. Those distressing pains would force me to quit work."

"I tried the hot water treatment thoroughly, but it did not affect my case. I have tried many advertised remedies, but they would help me only for a time. A friend of mine recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but I did not think much of them."

"I finally was induced to try the pills and commenced using them. After taking a few doses I found much relief. I do not remember how many boxes of the pills I used, but I used them until the old trouble stopped. I know they will cure dyspepsia of the worst form and I am pleased to recommend them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y."

Why She Didn't Marry.
It was all the photographer's fault that Miss Vandenberg didn't marry. She looked beautiful in the portrait she sent out to India, and all the men in her brother-in-law's regiment were raving about her, till somebody snatched her at the back of the photo what that silly camera fellow had written. "The original is carefully preserved."—Household Words.

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Proposed Alliance with England.

If the United States and England should form an alliance, the combined strength would be so great that there would be little chance for enemies to overcome us. In like